

# ARTHUR W. CHARLES, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER.



One of the strong men of Illinois is Arthur W. Charles, the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer. No man on the ticket is more admirably fitted for the duties of an office than is Mr. Charles for this very important position. He is a native of White County and makes his home at Carlin, where he is editor of the White County Democrat. He has held important positions of trust in various departments of the state and has left each with an untarnished reputation and better for his services. His first public office was that of Master in Chancery, which position he held for 12 years. He was a member of the Board of Managers of the State Reformatory, serving from 1909 to 1911 when he was appointed on the Rivers and Lakes Commission, and later acted as Chairman. Mr. Charles has been an active member of the Democratic State Central Committee since 1900, and was Chairman in 1912. The great Democratic victory in Illinois in that year was largely due to the untiring work of Mr. Charles and his genius for organization. Besides acting as editor of one of the strong newspapers down-state Mr. Charles is interested in farming. He has been President of the Farmers' Institute and was Vice President of the White County Agricultural Society.

## ROSENWALD ON STUMP TONIGHT FOR HUGHES.

Business Leaders Open "Schoolhouse Campaign" in Pullman and Burnside.

Julius Rosenwald will take the stump tonight for Hughes. He is the head-lined orator of the Hughes Business Men's league in the "schoolhouse campaign" initiated Thursday evening.

"Tonight's meetings are in the Twelfth and Thirty-fourth wards, the first at the Harrison Technical High School, 2850 West Twenty-fourth street boulevard, and the other at the Lawson school, 1256 South Homan avenue. Other speakers with Mr. Rosenwald are Edgar A. Bancroft, Harry A. Wheeler, William E. Clow, Charles W. Folds, and Henry B. Rathbone.

The new style of campaigning which is the downstate system transplanted to the city, was opened in Pullman and Burnside.

William E. Clow directed attention to conditions in Chicago in the spring of 1914.

"I ask your votes for Hughes," Mr. Clow said, "because I know the Republican party insures protection to the American workmen, while the Democratic free trade means the closing of the workshops."

## ONCE BOOTBLACK, NOW A BANKER.

Jacksonville, Fla., Man's Rise Remarkable—Celebrates Anniversary.

Jacksonville, Fla., (Special)—Charles H. Anderson, colored, operating a retail fish and oyster market at 132 Broad street, is celebrating his fifteenth anniversary as a business man in Jacksonville. Anderson was once a bootblack and an ice peddler. He was also a peanut dealer in Pablo Beach during the summer before the great fire.

During the winter months he sold fish and peddled oysters in Springfield and obtained his education in a night school. September 22, 1901, he opened up quarters on Broad street, and has been in business there continuously up to the present time.

After the death of Steve Melton Anderson became one of the foremost fish and oyster dealers in the city, supplying a large number of the White families, dining cars, cafes, and hotels, with game, fish and oysters.

Because of his polite, sanitary and hustling manner of doing business, 95 per cent of his trade is from White people. Anderson was born in Jacksonville, and many friends in both races know him from a bootblack to a banker.

## "MEMORIES ARE CALLING ME" NEW BOOKER T. WASHINGTON MEMORIAL SONG.

The latest and by far the most catchy song, is entitled "Memories Are Calling Me." It is dedicated to the late Booker T. Washington. It has been set to music and published by Burkes and Arbuckle Company, 15 Court square, Boston, Mass., and for a short time it will sell for 25 cents.

This beautiful new song should be in the home of every race loving Negro throughout the United States.

# Charles E. Stump, the Kansas Newspaper Scribbler, Travels from Claremont, Virginia to Montgomery, Alabama Without Making Many Stops

Little Rock, Ark.—Writing for newspapers and getting over the country is not like farming, and this I have discovered in the past year, but then I am willing to continue to try. I have been trying to write for The Broad Ax one year, and whether or not I have improved it will be for the editor to say, but I do know I have been off of the farm, and have not been using the plow or hoe in that time.

I have been back to Kansas a number of times, yet I have not seen all there is to be seen, nor have I heard all there is to be heard, yet I am in the ring.

I wrote to you last week from a point in this country. I am sure you will remember where I have been. Now this time I have been to another part of the world—a little town known as Houston, Texas. It was indeed a pleasure to have been there and to have talked with the good people of that place.

The Baptists had their big convention in Houston, and believe me, honey, it was some convention. Rev. L. K. Williams, pastor of Olivet Baptist church, Chicago, was president and he has held that position for a long time, but he resigned to go to Chicago. I mean he held the office, and resigned the Fort Worth church. He has been there for a long time. Well, he returned to open the convention and leave in an honorable way. He was present and called the convention to order. He brought along with him, Deacon S. A. Griffin to see that the thing was properly done. He was there and was there to stay with him. He is chairman of the Olivet Deacon Board, and he made hosts of friends down in Texas. He visited the high school and made an address there, and so many other things took place in the city while he was there. I was so delighted to see him myself.

The convention is composed of some big men, such men as Rev. A. Barbour, D.D., who is a leader in thought in this section of the country, and one of the men who is working for a change in the national administration. He was a figure in the National Baptist convention and has been for years; Rev. J. B. Pius, of Austin, a well-trained and educated young minister; Prof. M. M. Rodgers, who is auditor of the National Baptist convention and one of the finest men it has been my lot to meet in this country. Rodgers' heart is in the right place and he is spending it for his people and for the cause of his church denomination. He is a good Baptist, and directly interested in the development and uplift of his own people.

It was indeed a pleasure to come in touch with all these big men, and then to have a preacher steal a fountain pen from me. I have been told that a preacher won't steal, but I found one that would. I saw him when he slipped the pen from my table, and I was so disgusted with him that I could not speak. I remember him as that same man stole when he was in the National Baptist convention one time, but I am not going to expose him. God forgive him, is all I can say.

There were some good speeches made, and a White man from Birmingham, came there to talk to our people. It was Rev. B. F. Riley, and he is interested in us, and is willing to help us all he can. God bless him, for I can't. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. S. Willie Layten, president of the women's convention, auxiliary to the National Baptist convention. She is just a good woman and a worker. She was of the opinion that Miss Nannie H. Burroughs would continue with her work, and this pleased me very much.

I stayed all through the convention, and heard all the sermons and speeches. I had the pleasure of going with Deacon Griffin to the high school and heard his address. He said some good things to those young people. It was his first time to be in a real Colored School, and he was pleased with what his eyes beheld. Well he should be, for those people there are doing some real good work.

Our people are busy in Houston. They have a public library there which is well patronized. Then there is a

number of drugstores, and a real live policeman. I do not know just how many police they have there belonging to my race, but they are there in good shape. I could mention other people who are interested in the work if I only had the time. Rev. J. E. Knox, who is superintendent of missions. Mrs. Olive L. Stewart, of Chicago, visited the convention. She was there with her husband, and they seemed to be getting along well.

Now I remained in that Houston a long time and then I pulled out on the I. G. N., for Texarkana, spending the night there at the home of Mrs. S. A. Matthes, and from there to Little Rock. I reached this city Sunday morning and decided to go to church, but I sent my luggage out to the home of President Joseph A. Booker, of the Arkansas Baptist college. This man has been dishing out education for a long time, and so many young people in this country making good have received education from his dishing. Not only sons and daughters of others, but he has dished some to his own children. Now, there is Miss Mattie Albert Booker, an accomplished musician, who has charge of the musical department of the Arkansas Baptist college, and his son, J. Robert Booker, a graduate from the college department and now a full-fledged lawyer, who is making good issuing out the law of the state, and telling the judges about it when people call on him to defend or prosecute. He knows some law, and I predict that he will some day be in the rank of E. H. Morris and that class of jurists. He is working side by side with Scipio Jones, an eminent lawyer. God be praised. Miss Carrie Bell Booker is now a teacher in Nowata, Okla., and all last summer she was in Chicago taking on some education at the Northwestern University. Good for that. I could just mention others, but will not do so today.

Coming back to this Arkansas Baptist college, it is a great school, and they have some fine teachers here. I could talk about them for a year and not be through. Mrs. Booker is one of those well educated women. I did not get to count all the children, and will not be able to do so now. God bless all of you and your good work. I want to say more, but will have to close. I think I shall have to bring this letter to a stop just now, but will write to you again next week. Look out for me.

## IMPORTANT MATRIMONIAL PERSONAL.

Personal—Want to correspond with a respectable, intelligent, unincumbered middle aged octoroon, with brains and money, for a wife and business partner. Only those who mean business and can fill above description need answer.

Address, Mizpah, care of The Broad Ax, 6418 Champlain Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## CHIPS

Mrs. I. B. W. Barnett, 3234 Rhodes avenue; has returned home from attending the race congress at Washington, D. C.

The seventh annual essay contest, will be held at Bethel Church, 30th and Dearborn streets, Sunday afternoon, December 17.

Mrs. F. A. Denison, and the young Denisons, have returned from their summer home at Benton Harbor, Mich., and are occupying their city residence, 451 E. 42nd street.

It is reported in the United States; that Col. Jack Johnson, the ex-heavyweight champion prize fighter of the world and his White wife, formerly Miss Lucile Cameron, have parted company or separated for good.

Looking Forward.  
He—What makes you think Miss Sweetthing is going to be married?  
She—Her extraordinary efforts to be nice to everybody she knows from whom she could possibly expect a present.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

# HENRY W. HUTTMANN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.



The Democratic nominee for Lieutenant Governor of Illinois, Henry W. Huttman, is a fine type of young manhood of Illinois, intellectual, popular, and with an unblemished name. He was born in Milwaukee in 1872. Later he moved to Wichita, Kan., where after graduating from high school he continued his studies in Fairmount college and in the University of Chicago. He was admitted to the bar in 1896. In 1911 he was appointed member of the Board of Education by Mayor Harrison and later served as Vice President of the Board. His services are highly valued. He has a high sense of honor and is well fitted for the exacting duties of the presiding officer of the State Senate where fairness and a sense of justice are conspicuous qualities. Mr. Huttman is a member of a long list of German societies and organizations in Chicago, as well as being a member of the Scottish Rite Masons and a Shriner.

## GLAD HEARTS.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—Faber.

How to Know the Millennium. When a snapshot does you justice. When a cure for hay fever is discovered.

When the loser in a golf match isn't off his game.

When people stop referring to Paris as "gay Paree."

When your best friend doesn't own a dog that understands every single word that's said to him.

When you post that letter your wife gave you back in the early nineties.—Life.

Censored Definitions. Whereabouts—A hiding place for those who are "wanted."

Humbog—A fantastic potpourri which is sometimes called "life."

Auctioneer—One who lectures on the art of stealing.

Alms—The requiem of the rich for the peaceful repose of the living poor.

People—The algebraic plural of "fool."

Glory—The five senses of the dead. Library—A place where the dead lie.—New York Sun.

## SUCCESS.

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it come at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.—Longfellow.

He Didn't Know. One June day in 1802 near Fredericksburg, Va., General Stonewall Jackson saw one of General Hood's Texans climbing a fence to get into a cherry tree. "Where are you going?" shouted Jackson. "I don't know," replied the soldier. "To what command do you belong?" "I don't know," the Texan replied. "Well, what state are you from?" "I don't know," Jackson gave the man up, but he asked a comrade what it all meant. "Well," was the reply, "Old Stonewall and General Hood gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight."

The soldier was left to his cherries.

Just Like Home Folks. "Have a good time on your trip to New York?"

"Yes, but that town has been greatly overadvertised."

"In what way?"

"Well, I stopped with friends in one of the residential districts and most of the people there actually went to bed at 10 o'clock every night."—Detroit Free Press.

Customer—What do you mean by that sign, "Shaving Pessimists, 25 Cents?" Barber—That's because it takes more time to shave a man with a long face.

## Marines and Their Fingers.

Men with long, tapering "plano" fingers are apt to desert after short service, while those having stubby digits, denoting stability of character and utter lack of the artistic temperament, usually stand by their oaths and make the best marines, according to finger print experts at headquarters of the United States marine corps. Although desertions from the corps are light at all times, it has been found that actors, sign writers and, strange to say, waiters furnish the largest number of deserters. Records, including finger prints, of all men enlisted in the marine corps are kept at headquarters for purposes of identification, and there are cases on record where bodies with finger tips intact have been positively identified through the finger print medium.

## Quite Common.

"It's strange what interest small boys and girls take in boasting about the possessions of themselves and their families."

Mollie, aged nine, and Nancy, a year younger, were trying to outmatch each other at this game, and Mollie was several points ahead in the contest.

"Oh, you should see my mother's fan!" she boasted, thinking to make her victory complete. "It's lovely—an hand painted!"

Nancy tossed a scornful head. "Pooh!" she retorted. "That's nothing. So's our garden fence."

## Bold Court Fool.

Ferdinand H. was a man of very uncertain moods and would allow his jester to take liberties with him one hour while resenting any familiarity the next. One day he turned round on Jonas, his favorite fool, and thundered: "Fellow, be silent! I never stoop to talk to a fool!"

"Never mind that," answered Jonas. "I do. So please listen to me in your turn."

## To Make Sure.

"Won't you please leave the light burning in the hall, mother?" pleaded little Robert as he was being put to bed.

"Nonsense, Robbie," was the reply. "Surely you know there isn't anything to be afraid of in the dark."

"Yes, I know, but can't you leave a teeny weeny light so I can see there isn't anything there?"—Exchange.

## Bob Burdette's Aside.

When Bob Burdette was addressing the graduating class of a large eastern college for women he began his remarks with the usual salutation. "Young ladies of '97." Then in a horrified aside he added: "That's an awful age for a girl!"

## Envelopes.

Envelopes were practically unknown before 1725. About that time one was seen semi-occasionally. As late as 1850 letters were often sent folded and sealed. Envelopes may be said to have come into use shortly after 1844.—Exchange.

## Badly Timed.

Nephew—I tried to get a raise today, but the boss refused it. Mrs. Blunderby—Too bad, Dicky! Perhaps you didn't approach him at the sociological moment.—Boston Transcript.

## Atlas Rejoices.

Atlas bore the world on his shoulders. "It is much easier than having it on your conscience," he explained.—New York Sun.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation as regulated by wisdom.—Aristotle.